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subsequently had the very devil of a time finding a key that would fit it. We later learned that, after Pirogov had been taken away and the dust had settled and introductions had been made all round, the suit of one of the CIA men was found to have been torn and Immigration punctiliously paid for its repair.

To make the irony still richer, the restaurant itself reported that later that evening some *bona fide* Russians from the Embassy (tipped off by Barzov, no doubt) did drop in and survey the wreckage. What they made of it all, one can only conjecture. One newspaper reporter who tracked down the real story, the veteran *Chicago Tribune* correspondent Willard Edwards, speculated that they went away muttering, "Those crazy Americans!"

So, Mr. Pirogov, there at last is the truth about what happened to you on that evening in the summer of 1949 at the Three Musketeers. I am sure that you, who have endured so much and chosen so wisely, will forgive me for having told the whole truth, even though it makes just about all of us, with the regrettable exception of Ambassador Panyushkin, look a little ridiculous. Better ridiculous than dead—as Barzov would no doubt have put it.

Far Out—and Still Further

Like all agencies dealing with internal security problems, from local police to the FBI and HCUA, our Subcommittee was the object of a steady bombardment by private citizens who believed they had some legitimate grievance within our power to ameliorate. Very occasionally they did; far more often they didn't. One of my jobs, as Morris' associate counsel, was to screen their letters and phone calls and talk to those who came in person, to sort them out and where possible refer them to some appropriate agency. Often I would simply advise them to report the problem to their local police; occasionally I would pass them along to the FBI. If no other recourse suggested itself, I would usually urge them to take the matter up with their Congressman, that, after all, being one proper function of a member of Congress: to act, knowledgeably and influentially, on behalf of constituents with meritorious claims.

Certain borderline cases continued to trouble me as long as I served with the Subcommittee. Twice, for example, we were approached by former employees of the CIA who had been fired by that agency. Despite their own naturally self-serving accounts, it was not hard to recognize them as quarrelsome personalities and quite possibly near-unemployable neurotics. I certainly did not take at face value their pitiful

descriptions of how some CIA superior had mistreated them and finally engineered their unjust discharge. Yet it was impossible not to sympathize with their predicament, which they brought to us, not because they believed or alleged that the CIA was infested with Communists, but simply because they did not know where else to turn. In both cases, the employee had been dismissed on the vague but deadly ground of "the good of the service." Since this in the circumstances somehow (though wrongly) smacked of "security risk," it was almost impossible for the luckless individual to get a decent job in civilian life. Whatever review procedures were available to the dismissed employee within the CIA itself were obviously and rightly suspect of being biased against him, all the more so because the whole review was necessarily carried out in secrecy, out of sight of independent-minded critics. By law and regulation, on the same ground of necessary secrecy, no appeal could be taken by the employee to the courts or to any other outside reviewing authority. All in all, to a security-conscious lawyer who fully recognized the need for secrecy in CIA affairs and yet was trained to believe that every wrong should have its appropriate remedy, it was a thoroughly unsettling dilemma. Even if these particular individuals richly deserved to be fired, it was inevitable that some day—error being human—an injustice would be done; and I could not see then, and cannot see now, what the victim would be able to do about it.

Let me add that I by no means necessarily endorse the various proposals of Senator Mansfield, over the years, for an independent body to review the whole sphere of action of the CIA. Still less did I favor Senator Fulbright's 1966 attempt (happily defeated) to bring the CIA partially under the jurisdiction of his hot-eyed Foreign Relations Committee. Such a cure would be worse than any disease of which the CIA can fairly be accused. But some provision, in my opinion, ought to be made for an independent review of administrative discharges from the CIA "for the good of the service."

Further out, and if possible still more pathetic, were the cases of individuals who, by reason of profound neurotic problems, incipient psychosis, or (in one case that I especially remember) sheer senility, were being eased out of government jobs for which they could not possibly find adequate substitutes, and who had come to the tragically mistaken and characteristically paranoid conclusion that secret Communists were at the bottom of their problem. It was impossible—at least I found it so—to tell the old gentleman who sat so trustingly beside my desk that his Army employers were *not* concealed Communists; that the truth was that he was just getting too old, too crotchety and too slow to

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MEMORANDUM OF CALL

Date _____ Time 2:00

TO— _____

☐ YOU WERE CALLED BY— ☐ YOU WERE VISITED BY—

file HCUA

TELEPHONE: _____ Number or code _____ Extension _____

☐ PLEASE CALL ☐ WAITING TO SEE YOU
☐ WILL CALL AGAIN ☐ WISHES AN APPOINTMENT
☐ RETURNING YOUR CALL
☐ IS REFERRED TO YOU BY:

LEFT THIS MESSAGE: Mr. Houston

brought this over. He got it
from Mr. [unclear]
written by Assistant Counsel
old Internal subcommittee
of Senate Judiciary

Received By— _____

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